

The Times-Dispatch

Published every day in the year by
The Times-Dispatch Publishing Co., Inc.
THE TIMES-Dispatch, Founded.....1858
THE DISPATCH, Founded.....1850
Address all communications
THE TIMES-DISPATCH,
Telephone, Randolph 1.
Publication Office: 10 S. Tenth Street
South Richmond.....1020 Hull Street
Petersburg.....100 N. Sycamore Street
Lynchburg.....218 Eighth Street

HASBROOK, STORY & BROOKS, INC.,
Special Advertising Representatives.
New York.....200 Fifth Avenue
Philadelphia.....Mutual Life Building
Chicago.....People's Gas Building

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
BY MAIL. One Six Three One
Year Month Year Month Year Month
Daily and Sunday.....\$5.00 \$3.00 \$1.50 .55
Daily only.....4.00 2.00 1.00 .55
Sunday only.....2.00 1.00 .50 .25

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in
Richmond (and suburbs) and Petersburg:
Daily, with Sunday, one week.....15 cents
Daily without Sunday, one week.....10 cents
Sunday only.....5 cents

Entered January 27, 1905, at Richmond, Va., as
second-class matter under act of Congress of
March 3, 1879.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1914.

THE TIMES-DISPATCH and Breakfast
are served together with unfailing regu-
larity in the Best Homes of Richmond.
Is your morning program complete?

The Big Stick Again

COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S attacks on Dis-
trict Attorney Whitman, the Republican
candidate for Governor of New York, must
be the occasion of great satisfaction to Gov-
ernor Glynn, who wants to succeed himself,
and probably will. At any rate, he is obtain-
ing from the tattered remnants of the politi-
cal army that "met at Armageddon to battle
for the Lord" all the help he could desire.

Of course, Colonel Roosevelt knows there
is not the slightest chance of electing Daven-
port, the Progressive candidate. His purpose
is to defeat Whitman, and so convince the
Republican party in New York State that it
cannot get along without the help of the big
stick. He and the district attorney have
at each other with the utmost cheerfulness,
augmenting the Ananias Club at the
conclusion of every bout.

But why should Democrats worry about
motives or even about casualties? They are
certain to reap whatever profits are realized
from the Roosevelt-Whitman row.

The Kaiser's Hatred of England

REPORTS from Berlin that the Kaiser has
removed General von Moltke, chief of
the German general staff, and named Gen-
eral von Voigts-Rhetz to succeed him, are
followed by rumors that a great Zeppelin at-
tack on England is being planned, and that
Count Zeppelin himself will be in command of
the air fleet.

The alleged reason for Von Moltke's dis-
missal was his unwillingness to divert any
part of the German forces, now meeting the
allies in Eastern France, to an attack on Eng-
land. He is said also to have disapproved of
the Kaiser's famous order to concentrate an
overwhelming force against the British ex-
peditionary army under General French, on
the ground that this represented bad strategy.

Whether these things be true or false, they
accord, in spirit, at any rate, with the views
of some of the shrewdest pro-German war
commentators in this country, who declare
that Britain, rather than France or Russia,
is the power that the Kaiser and his ad-
visers most desire to see humbled. This bit-
terness of hatred makes the reported airship
raid on the British coast rather easy of
credence. It is certain that it will be made
if it offer hope of a successful issue.

Penrose Helps Us Out

BOIES PENROSE has hopped up in Penn-
sylvania with another charge against
him—this time that the Pennsylvania Pro-
tection Union has raised \$150,000 in Penrose
election funds from Pittsburgh manufacturers,
and A. Mitchell Palmer wants Congress to in-
vestigate it. This comes from the same
State that paid a contractor cubic foot rates
for mahogany, on the measurements of the
atmosphere under and between the legs of
tables and desks.

The Elephant is having a hard time finding
its fodder in the good old State. We hardly
remember when some one wasn't asking for
some sort of investigation or other, and un-
less memory slips us, there have been several
instances of the defendant at the bar of public
opinion being found ridiculously guilty.

But why not? With all this war news
going on, and people praying for peace and
shipping guns and aeroplanes to help war,
and hardly anything doing at the gayest re-
sorts, and no promise of a novelty this year
in society, because Paris has quit doing busi-
ness, the public simply must have some diversion.
It might as well be Penrose, and
heaven knows he is so accustomed to it that
he can stand it.

Let Us Sing!

AFTER the correspondents had harrowed
our souls by sending nearly every foreign
member of the Metropolitan Opera Com-
pany to the front, there to become the mark
of inartistic bullets, it is announced that
practically all the artists will be on deck
when the season opens next month. This is
a matter for rejoicing, particularly as we are
left with the pleasing impression that the
tenors and baritones and basses were all
eager to shoulder muskets, and were only
deterred from doing so by reflecting on the
woe their absence would cause to the Ameri-
can public, or at least to that portion of it
that pays for high-priced opera in the metro-
politan.

Meanwhile, low-priced opera has struck its
gait in New York to the tune of an average
attendance of 2,000. And the operas are
being produced in English, too, the language
in which, we once were given to understand,
no self-respecting opera singer could warble.
In the erstwhile St. Petersburg it was well
enough to sing in mellifluous Russian, but
neither in England nor the United States was
it possible to "make passionate the sense of
hearing" in the tongue that was good enough
for Shakespeare's tolerably smooth sonnets
and Swinburne's not altogether dissonant
verse.

It is the New York Century Opera Com-
pany that has more interest and promise for
the music-loving public of other cities than

the ornate Metropolitan. It is true that the
former could not make such adequate pro-
ductions were it not for the assistance of the
latter's equipment. But it should also be
true that the example of low-priced opera in
English should stir other cities to emulation.
The Century is demonstrably doing more to
foster musical taste in New York than is the
Metropolitan, attendance at the performances
of which are more a social observance than
an indication of devotion to the most beau-
tiful of the arts. In Richmond, for example,
it is now not beyond the dreams of enthu-
siasts that there will some day be an opera
season of a number of weeks at prices within
the reach of pretty much everybody who is
interested in music.

Taxation and a Premium on Honesty

THE too Quixotic conscience may be dis-
posed to find some fault with the tax
commissioner's frankly material and utilitarian
method of reforming evils connected in this
State with the taxation, or rather with the
non-taxation, of intangibles. The commission
finds that this class of property is not as-
sessed to any very large extent, and it pro-
poses to remedy this situation by reducing
the rates and thus placing a premium on
honesty.

When questions of taxation are reduced to
their ultimates, there is no sound reason, as
a general rule, why one class of property
should bear a greater burden than another.
In municipalities, where the owner of real
estate enjoys the benefit of police and fire
protection and other services the municipality
renders, it is proper, possibly, that these
facts be taken into consideration in fixing the
city rate, but so far as the State is con-
cerned, there is no apparent ground for exact-
ing more from the owner of a \$5,000 house
than from the owner of \$5,000 in cash.

In the light of experience, however, these
considerations become almost wholly acade-
mic. The bulletin of the tax commission
shows that, based on estimated true values,
real estate in Virginia pays an average rate
of \$5.77 per \$100, tangible personal property
about \$.70, and intangible personal property
less than \$.15. "But," says the commission,
"most of those who do pay on this last class
pay on its true valuation at its combined
State and local rate, that is, nearly three
times as much as is paid on real estate of
equal value," the average combined State and
local rate being \$1.495.

Under such circumstances, it is not dif-
ficult to understand the trouble and the dif-
ficulty. Owners of intangibles realize per-
fectly that scarce any one returns this class
of property, and that those who do, who, by
the way, are very largely the legal representa-
tives of dead men's estates, are penalized
heavily for their honesty.

It is to the State's advantage, obviously,
and to the common interest as well, that the
burden of taxation should be fairly distrib-
uted. Preferences and exemptions,
whether they result from unequal assessments
or from individual differences in the matter
of conscience, are alike obnoxious. That
system which serves to impose on every citi-
zen his just proportion of the expenses of
government or most nearly attains that ideal,
is the best system.

Excluding bank stock and property under
the control of guardians, fiduciaries and
court commissioners, the commission says, "it
is known that not one-tenth of the intangible
personal property in the Commonwealth is
assessed." Surely, that is a situation that
calls urgently and emphatically for remedy.
We should feel more confidence in the com-
mission's remedy were it not accompanied by
the statement that under the new 20 cent
rate on bank deposits, fairly analogous to the
plan for reduced rates on intangibles, only
about one-sixth part of the money Virginia
banks now hold for their patrons is returned
for taxation. But even that is better than
one-tenth—and the showing may improve.

Increasing Demand for Apples

VIRGINIA apple growers, whose exhibits at
the State Fair emphasize so eloquently
the horticultural possibilities of the Com-
monwealth, but who labor this year under
the crushing handicap of reduced demand,
caused by the European war, may take a leaf
from the book of their Canadian business
rivals.

Apple growers there are worse hit by the
war, it is probable, than are the orchardists
of this country. Usually Canada has ex-
ported 1,500,000 barrels of apples to Great
Britain and 75 per cent of its evaporated
apple product to the Continent of Europe.
This business was suspended automatically
by the outbreak of hostilities.

Neither the Canadian government nor the
apple growers themselves, however, were dis-
couraged. Acting in conjunction, they in-
augurated a campaign of newspaper adver-
tising, designed to create a greater domestic
demand and pointing out new or unfamiliar
ways in which apples could be utilized in the
housewife's scheme of domestic economy.
The campaign promises to attain all the ends
it was expected to serve.

It is a lesson for Virginia. In times of
financial depression the worst course any in-
dustry can follow is to sit down and mope;
the best course is to meet the emergency
courageously and strive to pluck profit from
impending disaster. Here lies the apple
grower's way.

A Minor Accident

WHEN Pelee blew up, the whole world
began to organize relief; when the
floodgates opened at Galveston and John-
stown, when Borcas blew disaster into St.
Louis, when San Francisco shuddered and
fell down, when Baltimore, touched by a
spark from a cigarette, gave its business sec-
tion to the flames, all the country began to
get frantic with a hunger for details, and
with offers of money and train loads of pro-
visions where needed.

Consider how time flies and events become
pignies. The other day Smyrna, in Asiatic
Turkey, advised the rest of the world that
Isbanta and Burdur, in the Province of
Konik, were wrecked, and 2,500 killed by an
earthquake. Six months ago or less, the
news would have been accompanied by har-
rowing details; moving picture crews would
have been rushed to the front; relief expedi-
tions would have been organized. But how
is it now? With a few million men formed
along a battle line 200 miles long, what
boots a puny disaster of an insignificant 2,500
lives in Asiatic Turkey?

It will take a long time for the world to
get itself back to that condition in which an
earthquake can have more than a paragraph
of space, though whole cities be engulfed.
There is far more serious and dramatic busi-
ness on hand in another theatre.

The Colonel has just added District At-
torney Whitman to the Ananias Club. The ex-
ample of the European nations has encour-
aged recruiting.

SONGS AND SAWS

The Censor Man.
Oh, a wonderful man is the censor man
Who sits in his office neat,
With war-maps here and war-maps there
And war-maps under his feet.
He takes the tale of a writer pale
Who hands it o'er in fear,
With gray goose quill, he slashes till
These sounds break on the ear:

"Our fleet engaged the foe at [Blank],
Near the (omitted) shore,
And of his ships (deleted) sank
And [blank] were seen no more.
The armored cruiser (Nameless) won
Distinction in the fray—
She'd steamed that morn from [Blank] to
[Blank],
A long and dangerous way."

Yes, the censor man has a wonderful plan
For letting the wide world know
Just what's been done twixt sun and sun,
When 'the blood-red rivers flow.
His idea is, when bullets whiz
And shells and shrapnel hiss,
He must sing a song that moves long
In words somewhat like this:

"Our gallant men to-day at [Blank]
Assailed their harried foes
And turned with ease [von Blank's] [blank]
flank,
And moved them [blank] in rows.
And General [Blank] has ordered [Blank].
To move up with the right.
So all can see that victory
[Deleted] is in sight."

Below the Belt.

"I see by the papers," said the Prominent
Citizen "that the Democratic caucus of the
Senate has determined to place a special war
tax on beer and spirits. Considering the unfor-
tunate experience through which the Rum
Demon has just passed in this State, that seems
to me a good deal like hitting a fellow when
he is down."

Uncle Zach's Philosophy.

Time and tide, day say, wait for no man, but
dat ain't true about Old Man Hand Luck. He's
hangin' around de cobbler ah! de time, ready to
han yer a lick wid de business end of er ax.

The Penalist Says:

Some are born fools, some achieve folly and
soi. have to listen while their friends expound
the mystery of European war strategy.

Keep Going.

A. Rustem Bey, A. Rustem Bey,
We grieve that you have sailed away.
We mourn because you would not stay.
And teach us how to work and play.
And when he sad and when he gay.
But now that you have gone away
Most earnestly we hope and pray
"Twill be a very distant day
Ere you come back, oh, Rustem Bey!"
—THE TATTLER.

Chats With Virginia Editors

According to the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot, "Mr.
Hearst says he publishes a paper for 'people
who think'; but it is mostly the other kind
who read it."

Laffan, the World (and some other papers
we know) laughs with you.

"How long will the European war last?" the
Staunton Daily Leader asks. No answer from
any of our contemporaries. All right; we'll be
the goat. How long?

The Danville Register says: "Secretary Bry-
an is reported as chopping wood for exercise.
He was probably merely trying out that axe
he has for Roger Sullivan." Gently, gently,
brother. Every one knows that Mr. Secretary
is ready and willing to bury the hatchet—in
Roger's neck.

"The German seems determined to wipe the
name of Belgium off the map, even if they
make no other changes in geography," is an
editorial comment from the Danville Bee.
Wouldn't it ameliorate some of the horrors of
the war if the wiping off process were applied
to Russian nomenclature?

The Newport News Daily Press is committed
to universal peace, but is evidently praying
right along for battleship contracts. The Press
remarks, optimistically: "Newport News, thus
far, has not been seriously hurt by the Euro-
pean war, and we have much to be thankful
for. With or without another battleship con-
tract, we shall get on and continue to make
progress."

Probably in anticipation of the "dry" period
to come, Portsmouth is entering into a big
water contract. This from the Portsmouth
Star: "There is at last a prospect that the
contract between the Portsmouth, Berkeley and
Suffolk Water Company and the city of Port-
smouth may be legally construed. This has
been brought about by the fact that many
complaints have recently been received by
Mayor Hope from citizens, who claim that the
water company has increased their rates arbi-
trarily, under a recent reinspection." Mark-
ing up prices on aqua pura straight so far in
advance does look like taking an unfair ad-
vantage.

The Lynchburg Advance dubs him Theodore
Roosevelt, America's would-be Kaiser, which
you may accept as complimentary or other-
wise, just as you happen to be lined up senti-
mentally.

The Staunton Daily News takes it seriously
enough to print this sanitary news note in its
editorial columns: "Dr. W. F. Snow, secretary
of the American Social Hygiene Association,
has suggested that if people must kiss, they
should kiss through a square of tissue paper
that has been prepared in an antiseptic bath."
Just such cold comfort as might be expected
from a man of that name.

The Danville Bee, a sturdy champion of the
conscience plan of making nominations, says:
"In a leading editorial, headed 'Are Popular
Primitives Discredited?' the esteemed Richmond
Times-Dispatch discusses the results of recent
primaries in seeking an answer to the question
with which it heads the editorial. The very fact
that the headline is interrogatory implies a doubt
that the primary method of nomination has been
vindicated."

The Bee then argues that, in the light of expe-
riences with that system in Virginia, the pri-
mary is discredited, and declares its own attitude
toward the system in no uncertain tone, saying:
"We have steadfastly contended that the con-
vention plan of nominating was the better of the
two plans, viewed from every angle, and we
have deprecated resort to primaries because we
regarded it as the demagogue, who hoped to
delude the masses of the people, and the pri-
mary plan was born of distrust of the party
and begotten by personal ambition. Experience
demonstrates that we have gained nothing de-
sirable by resort to it, whereas we have perpe-
trated divisions in the party and created dis-
sentiment."

Current Editorial Comment

The question has been raised
as to how the American life
and its insurance companies are to be
affected by the war. It is too
early to answer that question in
anything like an adequate way,
but there is one very interesting feature of the
situation. It appears that our insurance com-
panies have large interests in Germany and
Austria, whence no word can as yet be obtained,

and that all the policies written by American
life companies in Germany assumed the war
risk. This contention was deemed necessary in
order to compete on even terms with the
German companies, which offer full protection.
It is needless to say that all new insurance
in Europe is written without the war risk, but,
of course, the outstanding obligations will hold,
and little new insurance will be written for
some time to come. The day of reckoning will
not be immediate, since the moratorium in
Europe covers all insurance claims. A comfort-
ing feature of the situation also is that a good
proportion of the business of American life
companies abroad is in policies of not more
than \$5,000.—Springfield Republican.

From the beginning of the war
the British adopted the rule
"Business as usual," and concen-
trated all the energy and re-
sources that could be spared
from naval and military neces-
sities to the task of keeping business going.
According to all reports, the British rule is
working well. Government and business men
are co-operating to secure financial stability
and elasticity, to stimulate building, to keep
the factories open and commodities moving.
Optimism and energy are driving out gloom and
inertia. If the British, in the midst of war, with
its great drain upon the resources and its
destruction and menace to their trade, keep
business going, what cannot Americans do? We
have all our resources. We are only indirectly
hurt. Our finances are only disarranged. Some
industries and commercial activities have been
lost or hampered. Others have been stimulated. New
opportunities have been created. Let us take
a leaf from British good sense. Let us quit
brooding over calamity and shrieking about
losses and go to work. Much of our business
depression is a mental. It is caused by
paralysis of the mind, and the cure, which
induces confusion and inertia.—St. Louis Post-
Dispatch.

Underlying the institution of
the censor in every civilized
country is the great principle
that in time of war the military
authority of the government
over all means of transport and
communication becomes supreme. Law may be
nullified and custom ignored, if the public good
thereby served. To prevent military move-
ments from becoming known before they are
completed and to prevent the circulation of
slanders about "the armies and people alongside
of whom we are fighting" are the avowed objects
of the British censorship. Those who do not
like the censorship works may relieve
their feelings by swearing at the censor, but
that gentleman will not modify his policy in
the slightest.—Brooklyn Eagle.

War News Fifty Years Ago

From the Richmond Dispatch, Oct. 8, 1864.

Affairs in the Valley are not altogether un-
favorable. The enemy is being pressed back,
and our cavalry now hold possession of the
north bank of the North River, the main body
of Federals having fallen back beyond Harri-
sonburg, about which place they still hold a
moderate sized encampment.

The latest reports from Waynesboro are to
the effect that the first reports of so much
destruction of property by the Federals were
exaggerated. They burned the depot, the
flouring mills and private property being un-
injured.

The very latest news is that our cavalry,
William's brigade, charged and routed the
enemy through the streets of Waynesboro.
They drove the enemy in a hurry and recaptur-
ed the town in short order.

Our lines have been re-established in the
Valley, and trains are now running under the
Confederate flag to within a mile and a half
of Staunton.

On the front at Petersburg yesterday there
was the same quiet that has been noticeable for
a week past. Of course, the sound of heavy
guns and sometimes heard and the reports of
the muskets of the skirmishers and sharp-
shooters ever and anon greet the ear, but there
is no prospect of a very general engagement.

Information comes that the enemy seems to
be making preparations for a determined attack
on Wilmington, N. C. They are said to be
collecting a fleet in those waters for that
purpose.

General Forrest is not idle in Tennessee.
After defeating General Rousseau at Pulaski, he
went on and struck the line of the Nashville
and Chattanooga Railroad, sixteen miles distant,
capturing a freight train loaded with army
supplies and also 100 good horses, which were
much needed by his hard-pressed men.

There was no demonstration yesterday below
Richmond except such as was made by pikes
and shovels. Both armies are busy improv-
ing themselves in strengthening the positions they
gained and fortifying themselves for an im-
pending struggle for the mastery.

Another flag of truce boat has reached Varina
from Fort Mifflin, with 100 sick and wounded
Confederate prisoners about who are to be
exchanged for a like number of Federals, who
will be sent down the river to-day.

General Hardee has assumed command of all
of our Confederate forces in and about
Charleston.

The frosts of the past few mornings seem
to be suggesting to both the armies confront-
ing each other at Petersburg that winter quar-
ters are in order.

It is now definitely certain that D'Ossay
Ogden, the erstwhile disloyal theatre manager,
is safe among his Yankee friends in Wash-
ington. It is a happy riddance for Richmond.
Now let the curtain fall for good on the man
Ogden.

The Bright Side of Life

His Sunless Birthplace.
A young woman reporter was interviewing a
wealthy young Pittsburger about his home life.

"Where did you first see the light of day?"
"In Philadelphia."
"But said the writer, 'I have always under-
stood that you were born in Pittsburgh!'"
"And so I was. Your question, however, did
not take that form. You asked where I first saw
the light of day. That historic event occurred
in Philadelphia when I was nine years of age."

Left \$500 Unaccounted For.
When L. Q. C. Lamar, member of Cleveland's
Cabinet, went to Washington he wanted to find
a suitable home. Among the numerous offers
one from Mrs. Dahlgren, who was anxious to
lease her beautiful residence for a long term.
After expatiating on its numerous advantages,
she said: "I will let the price for annual rental at
\$7,500, and said:

"What do you think of it, Mr. Lamar?"
"Well," said he gravely, stroking his chin,
"I am only wondering how I can manage to
spend the other \$500 of my salary."—Kansas
City Star.

Of Those Who Walk Alone.
Women there are on earth, most sweet and high,
Who love their own, and walk bereft and
lonely.
Loving that one lost heart until they die;
Loving it only.

And so they never see beside them grow
Children whose coming is like breath of
flowers.
Consoled by subtle loves the angels know
Through childhood hours.

Good deeds they do; they comfort and they
In duties others put off till the morrow;
Their look is calm, their touch is tenderness
To all in sorrow.

Botimes the world smiles at them, as 'twere
This maiden guise, long after youth's departed;
But in God's Book they bear another name—
"The faithful-hearted."

Faithful in life, and faithful unto death,
Such souls in sooth, illumine with lustre
splendid
That glimpsed, glad land wherein the vision
saith.

Earth's wrongs are ended.
—Richard Burton, in Century Magazine.

"GET OFF THAT PERCH"

ONE OF THE DAY'S BEST CARTOONS



—From the St. Joseph News-Press.

SIDE LIGHTS ON LONDON IN WAR TIME

BY HERBERT TEMPLE.

LONDON, October 7.—London in war
time presents a variety of aspects
strange to the habits of the world's
metropolis. The public of every coun-
try, however, who have been in the
city at night, in order not to present an
easy target for German Zeppelin at-
tacks. But that is only one of the
strange things that attract attention.
The "personals" and "what-ifs" col-
umns of the London daily newspapers
in these days present exceedingly in-
teresting reading matter to those who
have time to read them. They contain
a host of communications bearing on
the war. There are to be seen daily
a great many advertisements along this
line:

"Educated Englishman, eligible for
enlistment, needs £75 (\$375) to pay
debts and provide for family. In order
that he may enlist for service. Best of
references. Who will help? Address
X Y Z."

Another:
"Englishman, best of references, has
been offered a commission, but cannot
accept because he has a wife and child
with small loan to care for family
while at the front? Address A B C."

Then there are a great many adver-
tisements like the following:

"Educated Englishwoman, speaks
French and German, willing to donate
services as private secretary or clerk
to enable some young man to enlist."

And:
"Girls of all ages and accomplish-
ment anxious to do men's work, in order
that men may go to the front."

In addition to these, there are many
curious "personals" inserted in the
newspapers. For instance:

"Lady wishes to sell her bridal bag,
in order to help maintain soldiers on
the firing line."

"Lady of means, desirous of helping
men who want to enlist, is willing to
hire substitutes to take their commerial
positions."

"Lady, expert chauffeur, owning own
car, would like to be of voluntary ser-
vice, carrying dispatches, conveying re-
ports to camps, or in any other pos-
sible way."

"Lady offers diamond brooch to high-
est bidder. Proceeds to go toward re-
lieving distress."

"Other varieties of 'wants' that strike
the eye are for help in getting to the
front, such as:

"Will anyone owning service revolver
be willing to loan until soldier going
to the front can obtain another?"

A WEEK OF WAR ON \$8.75

LONDON, October 7.—Returned trav-
lers from the Continent say that trav-
eling there is cheaper than before the
war. One artist who has just come
back from France, told how he started
out with \$10 and returned home with
\$12.50 after spending a week in the war
zone. His week's travel cost him just
\$7.50. He said:

"I have just spent a week in France
and Belgium, have traveled scores of
miles on foot and by rail, and when, a
day ago, I got on the boat at Ostend
with a jealously-guarded return ticket,
I still had \$12.50 remaining from the \$10
that represented my financial resources
when I landed on French soil. Touring
on the continent just now seems to
be cheaper than in times of piping
peace, thanks mainly to the delightful
disregard of French and Belgian rail-
way officials for such mundane things
as fares